

# EXHIBIT 7

Dear Honorable Judge Cheng,

My name is Maryam Malone, I am Jeff McGraw's mother. I am writing this letter to tell you a little bit about my son. I'm going to start with myself because through counseling I find that myself, the trauma Jeff has been through and his environment growing up are the reason for his misfortunes. I was abused as a kid and as an adult, All the bad relationships with physical, verbal, mental and sexual abuse I endured. I allowed my traumas that I endured unknowingly forced them upon my son. I even abused Jeff verbally and physically myself. Thinking it was tough love because that's how I grew up, that's all I was taught but I now know that is abuse. I just feel so bad that my son suffered because of my neglect and my ignorance. I am so apologetic and wish I can just make it better for him. I just wish I could have a chance to get him the help he needs. I pray I can have a chance to do better by Jeff.

Jeff's dad and I wanted a baby, we planned for him and because of our toxic relationship and past traumas neither was there him. While I was pregnant when we turned the music on Jeff would become very active in my stomach, that is how we first discovered he loved music. My son is a very outgoing and loving person. He would help anyone. He loved playing football and would play with the bigger boys even at the age of nine. He played little league football from a younger age and moved on to play in high school and was very good at it. He wrestled in high school and was good at that as well. He liked helping people from a young age, he raked snow and picked up leaves for the neighbors and helped them with anything they needed. He especially loved older people. He said they needed someone to help them... Kids love him and he loves them, they would always flock to him because he is good and loving to them. He's the one that always gives them money, treats and planned events so they could have fun.

He loved music so much he became an artist, he would spend all his time doing something with music, rather it be Dee Jaying, making beats, writing songs. He could do this for hours, even days. Jeff loves his family and they love him the same.

Jeff's life changed drastically around the age of twelve and thirteen. He was sexually assaulted by one of his friend's mother (He didn't tell me about it until many years later) . I now understand that's when things started to get

bad for him because I couldn't understand why he changed at that time. He started acting differently than the happy, outgoing kid that I knew, he became secluded and sad and didn't share as much with me as he used to. I still didn't know at the time what to do and how to help him but things just got progressively worse over the years.

His NaNa whom he was very close to was brutally murdered on the west side of Chicago in her own home. Jeff blamed himself for that because she let him use her phone and he said if he didn't have her phone outside with him she could have called for help and he should have been there.

I literally watched the light go out of my son's eyes after that day. I know now I should have gotten him counseling.

A few years went by after his grandmother's murder and he threw himself into his music even harder than before. We were proud of him for doing music then tragedy struck again. I pulled up in front of my house from dropping my niece off to college only to get some horrible news. While my son was trying to record his video he was shot ten times because people felt he shouldn't be in their neighborhood. This was horrible. We thought we lost him. I'll never forget the sight of him when I made it to the hospital. The sheets were covered with blood and he was laying there motionless. I thought my world would come to an end. I leaned over and kissed my son and prayed harder than I've ever prayed before. Thank God he would live. But the emotional scars he endured were far greater than anyone could imagine. We nursed him back to health and things were going good for a while. At Least I thought so. One day he came home from doing a show and asked to use my car. I told him no because I had to take my daycare kids home. He said someone was trying to do a video and he didn't know them. He went to do the video and was ambushed and shot five times. His girlfriend that was with him told me he jumped on top of her to save her from getting shot, however one of the bullets that hit him in the bladder went through and got her in the leg. She was pregnant and lost their baby during this time. After that my son went through many surgeries and health problems from the shootings. He wasn't the same anymore, he became really afraid to leave the house, was having bad dreams and I would watch him sleep only to see him shaking in his sleep or being awake like he's afraid. I felt so bad for Jeff because once again there was nothing I could

do, still didn't get him counseling. How I grew up counseling was frowned upon. But I know better now. Jeff has been getting counseling, he got his GED when he got out of prison, he started a record label, He signed a contract with CMG music group, He has stayed in the studio making music. He was on the right path, Jeff has children that need him. Jeff isn't a bad person he just had some really bad things happen and he paid dearly for it. I pray you can find it in your heart and soul to allow Jeff to continue to heal and be the best self he can be as a free man. I'm certain he will thrive being home and getting the proper mental health, and being home with his loved ones. Thank you for reading my letter.

A Loving Mother.